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Chapter 1 by Skydiving Donut

The bubble has popped.

Chapter 2 by (ghost)



A sharp burst rang in the air, the boy's body deflated slowly like a balloon, air gushing out from his chest like blood, where the stick had hit him. He watched the crowd with terrorized eyes as his limbs grew thinner and his head sank, tangled in his now-flimsy arms. He was collapsing. It was a common occurrence, but nevertheless frightening.

"Move! Get out of the way!" the Pumpman yelled climbing off of his bicycle. Soon enough, the large, fat man ran through the crowd, brandishing his inflater. "He needs oxygen now! I can still aerate him!" he cried, pushing the onlookers aside.

The Pumpman jumped and let himself float over the side of the fence. But already it seemed like a lost cause. The boy's body had become intangible. He was now leveled like paper. He had flattened.

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